Ah how from you could fancy range?
From you still charming, still the same,
Who sees you once, that *once may* change,
Then rests; nor feels another flame—
Black eyes are beautiful, 'tis true;
Give me the *lovely, loving blue*. F.

FROM CERVANTES.

Mother! with watchful eye you strive,
My freedom to restrain,
But know, *unless I guard myself,*
Your guard will be but vain.
It has been said, and reason's voice
Confirms the ancient lay,
Still will confinement's rigid hand,
Enflame the wish to stray.
Love once oppress'd will soon increase,
And strength superior gain;
'Twere better far, believe my voice,
To give my will the rein,
For if I do not guard myself,
Your guard will be but vain.

For her who will not guard herself,
No other guard you'll find
Cunning and fear will weak be found
To chain the active mind.
Though Death himself should bar the way,
His menace I'd disdain,
Then, learn, that till I guard myself,
Your guard will still be vain.

The raptur'd heart which once has felt,
A sense of love's delight;
Flies, like the moth's impetuous wing,
To find the taper's light:
A thousand guards, a thousand cares,
Will ne'er the will restrain,
For if I do not guard myself,
All other guards are vain.

Such is the all controuling force,
Of love's resistless storm,
It gives to beauty's fairest shape,
The dire Chimera's form
To wax the melting breast it turns,
Flame o'er the cheek is spread,
With hand of wool, she opes the door,
On felt, the footsteps tread.

Then try no more with fruitless care
My wishes to restrain;
For if I do not guard myself,
Your guard will be but vain.

LE VER A SOIE.

Le ver a soie est, a mes yeux,
L'etre dont le sort vaut le mieux,
Il travaille dans la jeunesse
Il dort dans la maturite;
Il meurt, enfin, dans la viellesse;
Au comble de la volupté.

Notre sort est bien different,
Il ya toujours en empirant,
Quelques plaisirs, dans la jeunesse;
Des soins, dans la maturité;
Tous les malheurs dans la viellesse,
Puis la peur de l'Eternite.

A Translation Requested.

I drain the cup of woe each night,
To the last drop in vain;
For when Aurora spreads her light,
I find it full again.

CHANSON DE MARIE STEWART REINE D'ECOSSE, EN PARTANT DE CALAIS POUR LONDRES.

Adieu! Plaisant Pais de France,
O ma Patrie, la plus cherie!
Qui a nourrit ma jeune enfance,
Adieu France, adieu mes beaux jours!
La nef que dejoint nos amours,
N'a cy de moi que la moitie,
Une part te reste, elle est tienne;
Je la fie á ton amitie,
Pour que l'autre il te souvienne.

Translation.

Adieu, fair France, farewell to thee,
In near degree, more dear to me,
Than place of my nativity!

O Nurse! that hush'd my infant fears,
I bathe thy bosom, with my tears,
And bid farewell to happy years!

Adieu, adieu, this vessel's roll,
Divides the body from the soul,
France keep the half, well worth the whole.

And what shall then remain with me?
Nothing unless the memory
Of what I lost, fair France, in thee.

A better Translation.

Ah pleasant land of France, farewell,
My country dear,
Where many a year,
Of early youth, I lov'd to dwell,
Farewell, for ever, happy days!
The ship which parts our loves, conveys
But half of me, one half behind,
I leave with thee, dear France, to prove
A token of our endless love,
And bring the other to my mind.

LA NUIT.

O Nuit, que tu me semblez belle
Lorsque, sous tes voiles epais
J'allais jurer d'etre a jamais
Plus amoureux, et plus fidelle

Combien je redoutais le jour,
Quand celle que mon ame adore,
Me permittait jusqu' a l'aurore,
De lui parler de mon amour.

Moins timide alors, moins severe,
Elle osait dire, sans rouger,
CE qu' a peine elle osait sentir
Des qu'elle voyait la lumiere.